

The Sasquatch Walks Among Us

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Comparative notes / Le Grand Siècle

Crazy parties at night
in the gardens of
the Summer Palace. Morning
comes, & the crows come
to pick over the remains.
We go for a walk,
compare notes
on the paintings inside. The
Fragonards. The Watteaux.
Reminisce about that
string quartet we heard
playing in the small salon
off the *Rue des Brigands*
a few evenings ago. There
your heels clicked against
the cobblestones. Here on
the lawn they are silent;
but the crows
pecking at the plates
replicate the noise as
I remember it. Robbers
Street. What did I
steal from you? What you
from me? No demanding
notes, though we paid
the ransoms anyway.

From the Pound *Cantos*: CENTO I

I slept in Circe's ingle. Unburied, unwept,
unwrapped in sepulchre. These many
crowded about me, with shouting. & in

the water, the almond-white swimmers.
Dawn, to our waking, drifts in the green
cool light. The sunlight glitters, glitters

atop forked branch-tips, flaming as if
with lotus, the bride awaiting the god's
touch. & beneath the jazz a cortex, a

stiffness or stillness. The angle almost
imperceptible, the calm field, the
grass quiet. The house a shade too solid,

a dryness calling for death, knocking at
empty rooms, seeking for buried beauty.

Stayin' alive

Break off doing
what I'm doing

go outside
for a cigarette —
note to self: I
should have a
macro for that —

& listen to
L. listening to
the Bee Gees in
the room above

sound system
positioned just so

downward sound

so that you are
standing in a spot
where everything
is spotlessly clear

— albeit falsetto —

& disregarding
the high voices
the disco sound of it
John T. strutting
down the street
in that wide-lapeled
Italian suit

(no mirror ball

here / no need
for reflection)

realize that
it's not filters
that strain the
background noise
like a whale
sieving krill

but an ability
even as you
are moving

to recognize
that single still point
where the noise
divides &
the song
breaks through.

Quick! before the stream dries up completely

Accident
Identikit

Axolotl
Idolatry

Axiom
Idiom

Axle
Idle

Ax
Id

A
I

A line from Jean Genet

Feudalism was the first of
the mathematical sciences
to be developed as a quest
reward from The Ancient

Brazier. A kitchen sink,
some dirty dishwater—the
world's contempt is a theme
common to the intellectual

life of both Classical Anti-
quity & Christianity, much
like the image of a puffing
Marlboro Man or that man

on a pedestal labeled *Russia*.
There's so much talent out
there. This gloomy statistic pre-
sents a depressing picture for

today's teenagers. Why do re-
cruiters seek passive candidates?
I was in Bulgaria last year.
Machu Picchu was amazing.

The bite & bark of ethical incursions

At first dark, a raid
was carried out on
Heaven. It was empty
at the time, as it often
has been lately, apart
from a skeleton ground
staff who were taken

captive & peremptorily
executed by the cutting
of their throats. Photos
were shot, & later dis-
played on the website of
the CREEP cabal. *Such
a success* declared the

precedent, dishing out
the many medals. *How safe
we are because of the brave
dogs, & these fearless SEALs
those godless socialists seek
to have dismissed. Won't be
happening under my watch.*

The Sasquatch walks among us

Apart from the very white guy who walks by wearing a black T-shirt with a simple "Muhammad Ali" printed on it, half the world wears baseball tees even if they come from the half of the world that either doesn't play the game or know what it's about. That's why I feel safe getting around in a bannered shirt that lauds the virtues of Nietzsche & his Nihilist Muskrats. The opprobrium inherent in it rarely registers. One half thinks that NM is a term that comes from curling. The other half congratulate themselves on knowing things outside their area of expertise, that they recognize this famous gridiron team that hails from — is it? — the Appalachians.

geographies: **Haskovo**

The internet café dates back to the New Stone Age. Yellow rock art predicts the future coming of the Beatles' submarine; the floor coverings are mathematical charts, depicting the best weather for agriculture as well as how far

people are willing to debase themselves on so-called "reality" shows. There is a comet asleep in a corner, about which Pliny once wrote that it *blazed almost continuously & with a terrible glare.*